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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1417.

Choice Poetry.

THE FORSAKEN.

BY MRS. NORTON.

I.

I knew, I knew the end would come,
And thou hast willed, and we must part,
But, oh! though banished from thy home
Thou canst not thrust me from thy heart.
No; vainly wide with all its storms
Between us rolls the distant sea,
Though many a mile divide our forms,
Thy soul shall still be full of me!

II.

When the glad daylight shall arise
And wake to life thy troubled breast;
Oh thou shalt miss the laughing eyes
That hung enamor'd o'er thy rest;
When from the midnight blue and deep
The sad moon gleams o'er land and sea,
The night winds in their rushing sweep
Shall bring thee back the thought of me.

III.

And thou shalt shrink before my name,
And sigh to hear the lays I sung;
And curse the lips that dare to blame
Her, whom thine own reproaches wrung.
Thy life is charm'd! a weary spell
Shall haunt thy spirit day by day;
And shadows in thy home shall dwell
Of scenes forever past away.

IV.

Years—chilling years—shall slow glide by,
And find thee lonely, joyless, still;
And forms more fair shall charm thine eye,
But have no power thy heart to fill.
Even while they pledge thee passion's vow,
The sudden pang that none may see,
Shall darken on thine altered brow,
Thou'lt answer them—but think of me.

V.

When languid sickness numbs each limb,
Fancy shall bring my stealing tread,
And weary eyes, with watching dim,
To visit thy forsaken bed.
Go, rove through every clime on earth,
And dream thy falsehood sets thee free;
In joy, in pain, in love, or mirth,
I still will haunt thy memory.

Pictures of Life.

THE MANIAC CLOWN.

BY J. H. BROWN.

The following narrative, with scarcely an alteration, is true. The particulars, thrilling as they are, were taken from the mouth of the unfortunate creature, during one of his lucid intervals, while confined in the mad house of P——, England, ...

Our Portrait Gallery.

LOUIS BLANC.

Now that so much is being said of Louis Blanc in the papers, and he is accused of being one of the authors of the late insurrection in Paris, we have thought a portrait of him would not be uninteresting to our readers. Our readers will recollect that he was a member of the famous "Provisional Government," and the one that seemed to represent the socialist branch of the Revolution.

The last accounts from France bring tidings of a requisition from the Attorney General of the Republic calling on the Assembly to authorise proceedings to be instituted against Louis Blanc and Caussidiere, charged with being authors or accomplices of the attempt of the 15th of May, and against Caussidiere for a participation in the attempt.

Gen. Cavaignac added that the Assembly must come to a decision that night. The demand he made was not the result of the political inquiry of which the world had been aware, but of a judicial inquiry which had been proceeding in secret concurrently. This announcement made an extraordinary impression on the Chamber.

After a hot and excited debate, the question was put to vote, and the authorisation to prosecute both Louis Blanc and Caussidiere granted. Warrants were issued for Louis Blanc the next morning; but he had fled to Belgium. Since then he has arrived in London.

...

"'Ay! she was dead! dead like her mother Mary, dead like everything to me that should be full of life! dead, and *I* lived!

"'I know no more, no more,' said the poor maniac, as he wiped his dry eyes as if there had been enough to dash away. 'I could have wept once, but now my eyes are dry, and I've no tears to shed. Men tell me that she lies beside her mother's grave, and that for many hours they could not separate us, but I remember nothing of it, and am sure it was not so. But they brought me here to this dark place, and shut out the bright light, and will not let me listen to the songs of birds, or smell the fragrance of the flowers; they chain me down, ay! load me with double manacles as these, when they have barred the door. But they cannot close them to my Mary.'"

* * * * * * *

And with a tear of real pity, and after obtaining the location of the two graves, I turned from him, and the massive doors were again closed and barred upon the Maniac Clown.

Romance of Life.

FROM THE DAILY NEWS.

A TRUE IRISH STORY.

BY R. F., OF PHILADELPHIA.

"Erin-Go-Bragh," the Celebrated Irish Song of an Exiled Patriot—Why it was Written by a Scotchman, with an Interesting Account of Campbell, the Poet, and Some Account of Gen. A. McCann, the Irish ...

...

"'Read it to me,' said the General, 'for if the King would withdraw the act which banished me, the object nearest to my Irish heart, I could not read that song aloud!'"

Such was the story told to the writer, as nearly as it can be remembered, after a lapse of thirty-eight years. There are yet living in this city several persons who will recognise it, and an appeal to them for the accuracy with which it is here told, would confirm it in every particular; its only defect being the absence of power in the writer to impart to his readers any thing of the enthusiasm with which General McC. related it,—nor the heart-stirring emotion ever exhibited by him when it became, as it often did, the subject of conversation.

As the reader may feel desirous to know what was subsequently the fate of the real and original Erin-go bragh, he may be told that his friends found out where he was, remitted him funds, that he embarked in a profitable pursuit, and ever after lived in comparative affluence.

The story of his marriage is of so romantic a nature, that as he is now no more, and there is therefore no impropriety in giving it publicity, the writer is tempted to narrate it, as he has often listened to it from the lips of the General, at his own hospitable board, in the presence of his wife.

...

The substance of his love affair, was, that the lady of whom we have spoken was an Irish lady, who had come when a young woman with her parents to Altona, had married a young German, who did not long survive their union. She was left in very comfortable circumstances, and hearing from the keeper of the inn, that a person was an inmate with him, calling himself an Irish General, who had been banished, and who had not heard from his friend, and was without funds, she had sent him the weekly supply which so much astonished the Poet and the General. The inn-keeper, knowing the lady to be an Irish woman, had gone to consult her as to the probability of the General's story; and had been told, to withhold nothing, and that she would be responsible. Often did she tell the writer, that she sent the money without the expectation of ever seeing the recipient, who had represented to her, as so fine looking in person, that he could not be an imposter. She believed him to be a veritable Irishman in distress—and that was enough—had she never seen him, he was a countryman of her's and had a right to anything she could do for him—happy to have been furnished with an object to call forth her patriotic feelings, to exercise in his behalf was her greatest delight. Pure accident had given her a knowledge of who was the cause of calling them forth; and his heart was touched, and her's responded to his love—they had been several years married, when the writer became an inmate with them—their home was the abode of peace and contentment, and a hospitality that knew no limits.

It was enough that a guest was an American, to call forth all their patriotic feelings, and many were there, besides the writer of this imperfect sketch, of so noble a character, that can join with the writer, in esteeming it a high honor, and a source of extreme gratification, to have been permitted to know and to enjoy the society of the "Original Erin go-bragh."

His sentence of banishment was remitted, many years after the period here spoken of, and he was permitted again to return to the home of his childhood, and the land of his fore-fathers, for which he had bled, and for the redemption of which he was ever ready to lay down his life—but it was not so ordered. He died in peace, and was buried in the tomb of his ancestors. General Anthony McCann, was the veritable and original "Erin go-bragh."

Philadelphia, Sept. 9, 1848.

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE "LITERARY AMERICAN."

HE CAME NOT UNTO ME.

BY C. S.

I twined my sunny tresses
With wreath of budding rose,
And sat beside the lattice
At sunset's golden glows.
I counted fast the moments,
That faster flew, and free,
And waited for his coming:
He came not unto me!

The golden glows of sunset
Had faded from the sky,
And night, in spangled garments,
Came slowly sweeping by.
Her veil of ebon darkness
She flung across the sea:
Still waited I his coming:
He came not unto me!

My hair was damp and heavy
With midnight's dewy pearls,
And the rose-wreath was faded,
That bound my flowing curls.
In bitter disappointment,
I tore the flowers away;
He *had* not seen the blooming,
He *shall* not their decay.

My eyes grew dim and dimmer,
For tears obscured their sight;
Oh! he is cold and cruel,
To stay away to-night!
I twined my hair with roses;
The brightest buds there be:
Oh! he is cold and cruel,
To stay away from me!

I twined my hair with roses;
The blushing buds are dead;
The hopes that filled my bosom,
With night's last star, have fled.
With heart subdued and chastened,
To Heaven I bend my knee,
And wait no more his coming,
Who came not unto me!

Our Portrait Gallery.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYATT

Captain Marryatt, the well known English author, died on the 9th of last August, at Langham, in Norfolk, in his 56th year. He had been long seriously unwell, from the bursting of a succession of blood-vessels; and the recent loss of his eldest son, in the *Avenger*, is supposed to have accelerated the fatal result.

Captain Marryatt was the son of Mr. Marryatt, a banker of the city of London. At an early age he entered the Royal Navy; served, while midshipman of the *Imperieuse*, in the operations conducted by Lord Cochrane on the coast of Catalonia, and was in the attack on the French squadron in Aix Roads in 1809. In the Burmese war he commanded the *Ariadne*, and was, for some time, the senior officer on the station.

His literary fame, which is considerable, rests on his "Peter Simple," "Peroeval Keene," "Jacob Faithful," and "Mr. Midshipman Easy,"—on novels of great popularity, so replete with spirit and humor as to bear no invidious comparison with the writings of the author of "Peregrine Pickle."

A Scene in Mexico.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

SCOUTING NEAR VERA CRUZ.

A Sketch of the Late Campaign

BY ECOLIER.

Hours before day, Lieutenant Rolfe and his party were threading the mazes of the chapparal. The moon glistened upon their bayonets and bright barrels. Their path lay in a southwesterly direction, near the old road to Orizava. ...

... crowd of men were seen running from the woods, each carrying a saddle. The few strays that had drawn their pickets during the night, came running in at the well known voices of their masters. The saddles were flung on and tightly girthed—the bits adjusted, and the laryettes coiled and hung to the saddle-horns, in less time than an ordinary horseman would have put on a bridle.—Another flourish of the bugle, and the troop were in their saddles and galloping away over the green-sward of the meadow in a southerly direction.—The whole transaction did not occupy five minutes—and it seemed to Rolfe and his party, who witnessed it, more like a dream than a reality. The Jarochos were just out of musket range. ...

Selected Articles.

THE CURIOUS COSMETIC.

...

SOCIETY IN LOUISIANA.

...

Pictures of Life.

THE LOST WIFE.

FROM "LEAVES OF THE DESERT."

Some years ago, both in Great Britain and myself visited Greenwich Hospital. One morning we went a wretched looking old woman, who, with her head on her hand, was sitting alone, perfectly still, and apparently unconscious of our presence. We stood looking at her for some time, and, seeing that she made many a brave effort to keep back the tears, but by the way, I say it's about a countryman of your own, too—the Two Roosevelt was born in Newcastle, and he was a boy, man, and master of a humble collier, many a long day. During our last conversation, I placed myself at his elbow with the intention of drawing from him some favorite years. During the first glass he spoke only of the hospital; during the second, he referred to some naval battles; but, as he finished the third, as if to relieve us to call for a fourth, he said, "But I've no use talking about battles and them sort of things; promising, your leave, I'll tell a bit of a story—it's a story that has made many a brave fellow waste his salt water; and by the way, I may

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1848.

CALIFORNIA.

A gold fever rages in California. The whole population have left off tilling the soil, and are engaged in searching for gold amid the sands which border the "Feather river." A Monterey correspondent of the North American, says the particles of gold resemble in shape flakes of snow. He says:

These are separated from the sand by stirring them in water in a basin or bowl. A person will collect by this simple process from one to two ounces of gold a day—some have gone as high as six and eight ounces. I have just been conversing with a man who, in six days, gathered five hundred dollars' worth. He has one piece which weighs an ounce. There are probably now not less than five thousand persons, whites and Indians, gathering this gold. San Francisco, Sonoma, Santa Cruz and San Jose are literally deserted by their inhabitants: all have gone to the gold regions. The farmers have thrown aside their ploughs, the lawyers their briefs, the doctors their pills, the priests their prayer books, and all are now digging gold. The diamond-breasted gentleman and the clouted Indian work side by side, lovingly, as if they had been rocked in the same cradle. Tin pans, to wash the sparkling sand in, have sold as high as eight dollars apiece—shovels for ten—and wooden bowls for five! A trough scooped from a hollow tree, ten feet long, and with a willow sieve attached, sells for a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Boards are five hundred dollars for a thousand feet.

A very large company left Monterey to-day for the gold scene—some on horses, some in wagons, some in carts, some on foot, and some on crutches. The tract of land where the gold is found covers a hundred miles in one direction and fifty in another. It is said that ten thousand men in ten years could not exhaust it. As soon as the news reaches Oregon we shall have a large emigration from that quarter. Nobody thinks of fighting here any longer—the natives have gone for gold, the sailors have run from the ships, and the soldiers from ...

Political Intelligence

GENERAL TAYLOR.

General Taylor has written another letter, which we take to be, from its language, a final one. As we have copied all the letters of any importance that have appeared from his pen, we now lay the following before our readers, and thus close the series.

East Pascagoula, Sept. 4th, 1848.

Dear Sir:—On the 22nd day of April last, I addressed you a letter explaining my views in regard to various matters of public policy, lest my fellow citizens might be misled by the many contradictory and conflicting statements in respect to them which appeared in the journals of the day, and were circulated throughout the country. I now find myself misrepresented and misunderstood upon another point, of such importance to myself personally, if not to the country at large, as to claim from me a candid but connected exposition of my relations to the public in regard to the pending presidential canvass.

The utmost ingenuity has been expended upon several letters and detached sentences of letters, which have recently appeared over my signature, to show that I occupy an equivocal attitude towards the various parties into which the people are divided, and especially towards the Whig party as represented by the National Convention, which assembled in Philadelphia in June last. Had these letters and scraps of letters been published or construed in connection with what I have heretofore said upon this subject, I should not now have to complain of the speed with which my answers to isolated questions have been given up to the captious criticism of those who have been made my enemies by a nomination which has been tendered to me without solicitation or arrangement of mine, or of the manner in which selected passages in some of my letters, written in the freedom and carelessness of a confidential correspondence, have been communicated to the public press. But riven from the context, and separated from a series of explanatory facts and circumstances which are, in so far as this canvass is concerned, historical, ...

PRESIDENTIAL VOTE IN 1844.

As a matter of reference during the present canvass, we re-publish the following vote for Presidential candidates in 1844:

States.	Clay.	Polk.	Abo.	Clay.	Polk.
Maine,	34,678	45,719	4,836	—	9
N. Hampshire,	17,866	27,160	4,161	—	6
Massachusetts,	67,878	52,846	10,830	12	—
Vermont,	26,770	18,041	3,954	6	—
Rhode Island,	7,322	4,867	—	4	—
Connecticut,	32,832	29,841	1,943	6	—
New York,	232,482	237,588	15,812	—	36
New Jersey,	38,318	37,495	131	7	—
Pennsylvania,	161,203	167,535	3,138	—	26
Delaware,	6,258	5,971	—	3	—
Maryland,	35,944	32,676	—	8	—
Virginia,	43,677	49,570	—	—	17
North Carolina,	43,232	39,287	—	11	—
South Carolina,	chosen by	Legislature,			9
Georgia,	42,100	44,147	—	—	10
Alabama,	26,084	37,769	—	—	9
Louisiana,	13,083	13,782	—	—	6
Tennessee,	60,030	59,917	—	13	—
Ohio,	155,057	149,117	8,050	23	—
Missouri,	31,251	41,369	—	—	7
Kentucky,	61,255	51,988	—	12	—
Michigan,	24,237	27,703	3,632	—	5
Indiana,	67,867	70,184	2,106	—	12
Mississippi,	19,206	25,126	—	—	12
Illinois,	45,528	57,920	3,750	—	9
Arkansas,	5,504	9,546	—	—	3
	1,288,533	1,327,325	62,263	105	170

NEW STATES.

Iowa,	4 votes.	Texas,	4 votes.
Florida,	3 votes.	Wisconsin,	4—15.

Whole number of votes in 1848, 290

Necessary to a choice, 146

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Twenty-four members of the 31st Congress have been already elected, as follows:

DIST. ILLINOIS.

1. Wm H. Bissell, Dem.
2. Jno. A. M'Clernand, D.
3. Thos R. Young, Dem.
4. John Wentworth, Dem.
5. W. A. Richardson, D.
6. E. D. Baker, W'g. gain

ARKANSAS.

Robt. W. Johnson, Dem.

VERMONT.

1. Wm. Henry, Whig.
2. No choice.
3. Geo. P. Marsh, Whig.

☞ The Mobile Tribune of the 2d inst., says:—"There is considerable sickness in the city, principally of a disease vulgarly called the "break bone" fever—a name derived from the fact that those who have it think their bones are broken all up into little pieces. We believe it is rarely fatal.

☞ The Six First Books of Euclid's Elements have been lately published in England with colored diagrams, in order that they may be "more speedily comprehended and permanently impressed upon the memory."

☞ The two first volumes of the Rt. Hon. T. B. Macaulay's History of England will be published in England in the course of the present autumn; and, of course, in no long time thereafter an American edition will be in the market.

☞ The Bostonians have now open seven theatres, which is more than either New York or Philadelphia support. They also expect two circuses there shortly. Truly, the city of notions has quite forgotten the prejudices of the pilgrim fathers.

☞ The dysentry is said to prevail with fearful fatality in Boston and its neighborhood.

☞ Another work by Powers, now on its way to the United States, and expected daily—the "Fisher Boy"—will be exhibited at New Orleans with the Greek Slave, which goes by way of Cincinnati.

☞ Subscriptions are being raised in Kentucky for a monument in Frankfort Cemetery in memory of Daniel Boone and wife. The natives of the "dark and bloody ground" feel proud of their great pioneer, Boone, and doubtless will soon erect a fitting memento where his remains lay.

☞ Tennyson is, according to Wordsworth, the foremost man, now writing poetry, in Great Britain.

☞ Lorenzo Dow defined a death bed repentance to be burning out the candle of life in the service of the devil, and blowing the snuff in the Lord's face.

☞ The system of presents is universal in China. If a quantity of tea is purchased, a present of tea is given to the purchaser, and silk and other articles in like manner.

☞ Among the Parisian insurgents who have ...

... from Batavia. In Pekin, the Capital of China, in 1822 to 1823, the number of deaths exhausted all means of sepulture, and provision was requisite for this purpose from the imperial treasury." In some of the towns of Arabia and Persia, the mortality amounted to one-third of the inhabitants. In Russia, one twelfth were attacked, and sixty thousand died. In Paris, in 1832, eighteen thousand fatal cases are recorded. In London, in 1832, five thousand died; while the whole number in Great Britain was over twenty thousand. In the United States, the mortality was not so great, the population of our large cities being less crowded, and the efficiency of the sanatory regulations, and our medical men having the experience of Europe to aid them. And there is one gratifying circumstance, that the subsequent visitations of the Cholera are less extensive, and shorter in duration, than at its first invasion.

Preventives most reliable, are the removal of all decomposing animal and vegetable matter from the cellars, vaults, &c.; a free use of the preparations of chlorine, such as chloride of lime, soda, and lime, as disinfecting agents—free and full ventilation of our houses—protection from cool and damp night air, by good and warm clothing—cleanliness, fresh air, avoidance of excess in food and drink, a cheerful, confident, and equable state of the mind—absence of *personal fear*, and simple and nutritious diet. Salt pork, hot pastry, eggs, smoked meats and fish, melons, cucumbers, cheese, sausage, lobster, raisins and nuts, and any crude and indigestible articles of food, or those requiring strong digestive powers, must carefully be avoided. The wearing of warm clothes, or flannel under garments, and keeping the feet warmly covered, are also important.

As to the communication of the disease by contact or *contagion*, "there is not a single *unequivocal* instance on record, of the direct communication of this malady from the sick to the healthy." "It is true that many *apparent* examples of this kind have been adduced, but these have always been attended with circumstances of doubt and uncertainty." Without pursuing the subject further, it may safely be asserted, that the cause of Cholera was originally, and continues to be, generated circumstances foreign to the human body, ...

THE STOCK MARKET.

At the Philadelphia Stock and Exchange Board.

$700 Penn'a 5's	74	$1000 Read 5's, '50	56
$650 do	74	$200 W'd RR 6's, '60	78
$1000 U S 6's, '67	104½	$2200 do	78
$1000 U S 5 2-5 Tre'n	102½	$650 Penn'a 6's	80
20 sh Girard Bank	10¼	$170 Sus Can Bonds	50
$1000 Penn'a 5's	74	30 sh Gir Bk, B5	10½
$1000 Read 6's, '50	55	$1000 Read 6's, '50	56

After First Board.

100 sh Mor Canal	9¼	100 sh Mor Canal	9¼
100 do	9¼	30 sh Gir Bk, B5	10½
100 do	9¼	$1000 Read 6's, '50	55

SECOND BOARD.

50 sh U S Bank	2¼	$4000 Penn'a 5's, S 5	74
50 do	2¼	200 sh N J Copper	1½
50 do	2¼	50 sh Pa & O Canal	25
50 do	2¼	$3000 US 6's, '68, sktp	104½
$3000 Penn'a 5's, S 5	74	$2000 do	104½
$3000 do S 5	74		

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept 15.—Beeves—1,950 in market. Sales at $4.75 to 6.50 per 100 lbs. 1,150 driven to N. York, and 65 head unsold. Cows and Calves—280 brought in. Sales at $7 to 14 for dry; $12 to 28 for springers; $18 to 30 for fresh Cows. Swine—800 in market, and sales at $5,25 to 5,75 per 100 lbs. Sheep and Lambs—1,650 brought in, and sales at $1,25a3,50 for Sheep, and $1,50 to 2,25 for Lambs, as in quality.

CONSUMPTION

There is, perhaps, no disease with which our country is affected, which sweeps off annually so many victims, as that fell destroyer of the human race—Consumption. Day after day, year after year, the insatiate monster hurries to the portals of the cold and silent tomb fresh added victims to its conquest. No walk of life is sacred from its blighting influence. No age is exempt from its death dealing shafts. The old, the middle aged, and the young, all alike, are food for this common enemy of mankind. The white-haired patriarch, whose life of temperance has rendered his system impervious to the attacks of other ills, and whose good deeds prepared him for the enjoyments of life's calm evening, finds Consumption fastening its fangs upon his vitals, and tearing him from a world ever bright to minds which look complacently on days well spent.

Is there no help for the afflicted? No preventive of the dangers which beset us in our changeable and fickle clime? We think there is. And if the allegations of those who are at least entitled to veracity, may be believed, there is a preventive and a remedy. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY is offered to a suffering world as such. It needs not the "adventitious aid" of a long string of fictitious certificates to give it notoriety. Its true value and intrinsic excellence are sufficient to entitle it to the confidence of the public and to

"Waft on to fame"

the name of its inventor, as a benefactor of his species.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by Charles Schaffer, No. 315 Market street, ...

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"O TEMPORA! O MORES!"—CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—The only genuine "Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY," has the written signature of the General Agent, W. M. SPEAR, on the outside wrapper surrounding each bottle, this is believed to be the only article, bearing the above title, as emanating from the Doctor. The virtues of the Wild Cherry, for relieving affections of the Lungs, and that all-important organ, the Liver, has long enjoyed the confidence of domestic practice.

City of Philadelphia, ss.—William M. Spear, of the city of Philadelphia, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is in the possession of the original recipe for preparing a Balsam of Wild Cherry for affections of the Lungs, which was given to him by Dr. Wistar, a regularly educated Physician, and that he believes it to be the only one in possession of any person except the said Dr. Wistar himself.

W. M. Spear.

Selected Poetry.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D

Late or early home returning,
In the sunlight or the rain,
I noticed that I rarely missed
Seeing from the window pane
Hoary head or tresses golden,
Slightly inclining, I could see,
Eyes listening,
Waiting—watching,
The grey figure of a man;
Still drawn behind the blind
Beyond or hidden on the wall.

Far beyond the merely maidenly,
By dim leaving of life oil,
Filling eye's low vigil full,
I have watched him at his toil;
Watched his broad and sunny forehead
Wanted his white industrious hand,
Ever passing,
And repassing;
Watched and drawn to understand
What impelled it—gold, or fame—
Bread or bubble of a name.

Oft I've asked, debating wisely
In the absence of my mind,
What the motives he rendered
To his scenery or his kind;
Whether fame of ancient season,
Or the accord of modern grog,
Wisdom lofty,
Learn passing,
Moment's story,
Sermon, creed, novel, song,
Or philosophy sublime,
Filled the measure of his time

Of the mighty world of London,
He was portion unto me,
Portion of my life's experience
Passed into my memory
Twilight saw him at his duties,
Morning saw his fingers run,
Evening saw him
Busy,
Busy,
Busy,
Then he wrought for,
And no guessed he cared for cheering,
Toadying men by written word—
Clinging to a hope deferred

To be lived. At last I missed him:
Still night evening twilight fell,
But no super in his interest
Ever entered on his premises
In the winter of his season,
In the midnight of his day,
Old his writing,
And indicting,
Death had beckoned him away;
Else the summons he had planned
Found completion at his hand

But the man we old and voiceless
Left behind him progress large,
Schemes of progress redeveloped,
Worthy of a nation's charge
Noble fancies unexplained,
Germs of beauty unarranged,
Only seeding
Kindly feeling
To have flourished and endured.
Most wanted in golden season
To have lived for everyone.

Was aimed not what sciences acquired
Perish in the narrow bowl
What humanity is robbed of,
Were to be entered again?
What we lost, because we knew
Over much the mighty dead,
And dispirit
Living power,
Hoping more upon to-lead!
Or presume, when kinder graves,
Leaving it to the—time?

New Publications.

BEE HUNTING.

The following interesting description of bee hunting is from Cooper's new novel, entitled *The Oak Openings*:

As this is a process with which most of our readers are probably unacquainted, it may be necessary to explain the *modus operandi*, as well as the apparatus employed.

The tools of Ben Boss, as Gershom had termed these implements of his trade, were neither many nor numerous nor very complex. They were all contained in a small covered wooden pail, like those that artisans and laborers are accustomed to carry for the purposes of conveying their food from place to place. Conversing thus, Le Bourdon had brought his implements in view, particularly to the moment when he was first seen by the reader. There was a small curved cup of tin; a wooden bowl; a set of plates, similar, also of wood; and a compact, but roomy tumbler, of crystal, greenish glass. In the year 1811, there was not a purer, nor a vessel of closer, circumspect glass, made in all America. Now, some of the most beautiful manufactures of that sort, known to collectors, are abundantly produced among us, in common with a thousand other articles that used to command enormous prices. The tumbler of Ben Boss, however, was his contrivance in more senses than one. It was not only American, but it came from the part of Pennsylvania of which he was himself a native. Harrel, and of a particular, tho glass was the best that Pittsburg could then fabricate, and Ben had bought it only the year before, on the very spot where it had been made.

As salt, of course was that usual, and about a little moisture in the fellows, or more truly in the open ground of the glade than the rest of the "orchard." Lightning had struck this tree that very summer, tearing off its trunk at a height of about four feet from the ground, several fragments of its body and branches lay near, and on these the spectators now took their seats, watching attentively the movements of the bee hunter. Of the stores Ben had made a sort of table, first levelling its splinters with an axe, and then placing upon it the implements of his craft, as he had need of each in succession.

The wooden platter was first placed on the rude table. Then Le Bourdon opened his small box, and took out of it a piece or honey-comb, that was circular in shape, and about an inch and a half in diameter. The cup covered the honey and was brought into use. Some pure and beautifully clear honey was poured into the cup, and the edge of the platter was rubbed with each of them was about half filled. The platter was next taken in hand, carefully wiped, and examined, by looking at it before the eyes of the bee-hunter. Certainly, there was little to admire in it, but it was sufficiently transparent to answer his purposes. All he asked was to be able to look through the grain of the wood, as we what was going on in its interior.

Having made these preliminary arrangements, Raising Ben—for the cognomen was applied to him in the form quite as often as in the other—turned his attention to the more delicate operating of the queer glass. First laid two sticks across the fire that spring, and the grass was soon on fresh, and sweet and short, for if the place were scattered. The sticks were cleared, in particular, abundant, and was then put boasting forth into the blossom. Thereon other flowers had also appeared, and several were bearing thousands of bees. These industrious little insects were busy in the air, filling themselves with sweets; little incurring the risk they compassed by the visit of Ben Boss. Le Bourdon moved stealthily among the flowers and their humming visitors, the eyes of the two not men followed his attentive movements, as the cup reaches the tumbler; but Gershom was less attentive, tho, because the whole exercise enough, for him forming scholarly to all the luxury on earth.

At length Le Bourdon had filled the cup, and then of watched the moment when the animal was sipping sweetest from a load of white clover, he mentioned placed his blessed and guest-running tumbler over it, and made it his prisoner. The bee, finding himself surprised with the sudden change, it, took wing and attempted to rise. The experiment to the upper part of its prison, Ben hastily introduced the unstopped hand beneath the glass, and arrested its flight. Here he set the tumbler down on a platter in a way to bring the plate of honey comb within its circle.

So much was accomplished, and no very little trouble. Raising Ben examined his captive for a moment, to see that it was all right. Then, when he lent off his cap and placed it near tumbler, platter, honey-comb and all. He now waited half a minute, when cautiously raising the cap again, it was seen that the bee, the moment a darkness like that of its hive never over it, had ignited on the rest, and commenced filling itself with the honey. When Ben took away the cap and slightly tilted the tumbler and laid of the body of the bee was in one of the cells, its whole strength being bestowed on that one occupation to the exclusion of all else. This was just what the operator wished to effect, for it enabled him to watch the movements of the insect, to discover its country by its flight, and to follow its course to its home. Ben now put on his cap, and all was ready for the start.

At the bee was now intently occupied as filling itself, Raising Ben, or Le Bourdon, did not hesitate about removing the glass. He even ventured to look around him, and make another captive, which he placed over the comb, and managed so as he had done with the first. In a minute, the second bee was also buried in a cell, and the glass was again removed. Le Bourdon now signed for his companions to draw near.

"These two are, hard at work with the honey," he said, speaking in English, and pointing at the bees. "Little do they think, as they undervalue that comb, how near they are to the unfortunate

of their own hives! But as it is such as life! When the comrade to a cell, and the bee has got its load of honey, it will be seen which way it goes. Now, Gershom, think of these things, my friend, in the wilderness, when you are hungry for honey, and have no money."

"Ben, you're a very good fellow, and I think I'll be one of your partners in this business. Let me see, I've got a hatchet, which pretty plainly proves that I am not exactly a scholar, and a rifle, which, however, is not to be despised, as a man's fortune, when one lives in the woods; but, it mattered little to me that I was not a scholar, for I could read better than I could a dozen lessons here in the course of a month. Moreover, I've got a good knife in my pocket, however, who would never consent to part to Dirct, because he has not a—a—a—*Anglicè*, a—a—a—